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MORSE READERS



SECOND BOOK

By
ELLA M. POWERS
and
THOMAS M. BALLIET

THE MORSE COMPANY



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THE MORSE READERS

PRACTICAL GRADED TEXT

Second Book

BY

ELLA M. POWERS

AND

THOMAS M. BALLIET

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



1902

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PREFACE.

THE Series of Readers of which this book is the second has been prepared to meet the special requirements of textbooks on reading. In order to secure careful grading, a number of lessons had to be especially written, and for this purpose care has been exercised to select matter of special interest to children. All these original lessons have been submitted to a number of competent literary critics. Wherever the grading would permit, selections by writers of recognized standing have been used. Provision has been made for instruction in phonics, which should be emphasized at this stage in reading. The diacritical marks throughout the series are those used in Webster's International Dictionary. It is desirable in a reading book that as sparing a use should be made of diacritical marks as may answer the purpose, and therefore it is thought that words like *few*, *enough*, *busy*, and the like, had better be taught without any phonic marking; it is also desirable that words should not be respelled phonetically to indicate pronunciation, lest pupils confound the phonetic with the real spelling. With exceptions like these, the phonetic marking of words throughout the series corresponds with the usage of the dictionary named.

THE AUTHORS.

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LITTLE MISS BOWLES.

Sir Joshua Reynolds.



THE MAID AND HER EGGS.

| | | | |
|------|------|---------|--------|
| māɪd | hēd | rīch | prīd |
| hēn | sēll | hātchēd | bē fōr |

A little maid had some eggs.
 They were in a basket on her head.
 "I will put these eggs under my hen.
 Soon there will be little chicks," she
 said.

"Dear little chicks! They will say to
 me, 'Peep, peep, peep.'

How fast they will grow! Soon they will be fine hens. Then I will sell them.

O how rich I shall be!

I will have a beautiful new dress.

I will have a pretty new hat.

The girls will not know me, I shall look so fine."

With pride she gave her head a toss.

Down came the basket to the ground, and down came the eggs too.

"O dear, dear! Now there will be no little chickens for me.

I can have no chickens, no hens, no beautiful dress, no pretty hat."

Do not count your chickens before they are hatched.



THE ARTIST AND THE BIRDS.

ärt' ist cāgē sōr' rŷ nāmē
 loved wished būy Da Vinci

There was once an artist who loved birds.

He said, "I love to hear them sing.

I like to see them fly from tree to tree."

One day he saw a man who had many birds in a cage.

The man wished to sell his birds.

The artist was sorry for them.

He wished they could fly to the woods.

He said, "I will buy all your birds."

The man was very glad to sell them.

The artist took the cage, and he let every bird fly away.

Was not that artist kind to the birds?

His name was Da Vinci.

PHONIC DRILL.

| ā | ē | ī |
|-----|----|------|
| lāy | mē | fīvə |
| dāy | bē | fīrə |
| māy | hē | fīnə |



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.—I.

līvēd sīdē à gō' būt' tēr
stārt' ěd òth' ěr kīssēd cālēd

A kind little girl lived long ago.

One day her Grandma made for her
a pretty red hood.

Then every one called her "Little
Red Riding Hood." One day her mam-
ma made some butter and a cake.

She put them into a little basket.

She said, "Come, Little Red Riding Hood, will you take these to your Grandma?"

"O, yes, mamma," said Little Red Riding Hood.

Then she put on her red hood and kissed her mamma.

"Good-by, mamma," she said, "I will come home soon."

Then she started for her Grandma's house. Her Grandma lived by the mill, the other side of the wood.





RED RIDING HOOD AND THE WOLF.—II.

dōr dōs pəw thŭmp
mōrn'ing through wā't knōckəd

Before long Little Red Riding Hood came to the wood. Here she met a wolf.

“Good morning, Little Red Riding Hood,” said he. “Where are you going this bright morning?”

“I am going to see Grandma,” she said.
“I have some cake and butter for her.”
“Where does your Grandma live?” said the wolf. “Grandma lives in a little white house. Her house is the other side of the wood.” “I will go there too,” said the wolf.

Away ran the wolf through the woods. He was soon at the little white house. With his paw he knocked at the door. Then he knocked again: thump, thump, thump. No one came to the door, so he walked into the house.

The house was still, for the Grandma was away that morning.

“O,” said he, “I know what I will do. I will put on her Grandma’s cap.

Now I will get into her bed, and wait for Little Red Riding Hood.”

RED RIDING HOOD AT HER GRANDMA'S.—III.

| | | | |
|---------|----------|-------|------|
| băd | triød | běd | tăp |
| hō/arsø | hěr sělf | voicø | sűch |

By and by Little Red Riding Hood came to her Grandma's house.

She knocked at the door: tap, tap, tap. "Who is there?" said the wolf.

He tried to speak like her Grandma.

But his voice was very hoarse.

Little Red Riding Hood said to herself, "I am sorry Grandma has such a cold." "Little Red Riding Hood has come to see how you are," she said.

"Come in, come in!" said the wolf.

"I am glad to see you, dear," he said.

"What have you for me this morning?"

"I have some cake and butter for you," said Little Red Riding Hood.

"Put them on the table, dear," he said.

"Then come here and give me a kiss."

Little Red Riding Hood put the basket on the table before she came to him.

Then she walked up to the side of the bed.

THE DEATH OF THE WOLF.—IV.

| | | | |
|-------|--------|----------|----------|
| hŭg | ø̄yø̄s | tēø̄th | bět' tēr |
| ēār̄s | är̄m̄s | hŭnt' ēr | killed |

"O, Grandma, what long arms you have!"

"The better to hug you," said the wolf.

"What long ears you have, Grandma."



“The better to hear you, my dear.”

“But what big eyes you have, Grandma!”

“The better to see you,” said the wolf.

“But what big teeth you have, Grandma!”

“The better to eat you, my dear.”

The wolf was going to jump at Little Red Riding Hood, when a hunter came in at the door. The hunter killed the wolf.

Then he took Little Red Riding Hood home to her mamma.



THE FOUNTAIN.

brown prěš' ont slēp strēet
 stānds ūm brěl' lá foun' tain stōp

A little brown girl stands in the street;
 She stands there night and day;
 She has an umbrella over her head;
 She gives a present to all who will stop
 for it. It is a present that we all like.
 Horses, dogs, and birds like it, too.
 This little maid never goes to sleep.
 This little girl is a fountain.

[Read Lowell's "The Fountain."]



THE FIRST FOUNTAIN.

Ār' è thū' sà hūnt dānçø tūrnød
 hēard hāŕs strēam cōol

Arethusa lived in the woods.

She liked to run, and hunt the deer.

One warm day she ran through the woods. At last she came to a stream.

She said, "I will stop here and step into this brook.

I will dance up and down in this water. How cool it is!"

She heard a voice from the ground.

She tried to run, but she could not take one step.

She called for help, but no one came.

A cloud was all about her.

The hairs of her head were now little streams of water.

She was turned into a beautiful fountain.

For many years the water was sweet.

Many came to see this first beautiful fountain.

PHONIC DRILL.

| ō | ū |
|------|------|
| nō | yōū |
| ōld | trūø |
| rōlʃ | ūsø |
| rōsø | blūø |
| grōw | sūʃt |



THE BOY AND THE BEES.

| | | | |
|--------|---------|---------|--------|
| buş' ý | hòn' øý | criēd | hīvē |
| bēø | stũng | ăn' gry | tēaşēd |

A little boy walked out in a garden.

He saw a little busy bee at work.

The bee tried to get sweet honey from
the pretty flowers.

The boy made the bee fly away from
every flower, and he teased the bee.

The bee did not like this.

By and by the bee stung the boy.

O how the boy cried! "I am killed,
I am killed! O, you bad bee!"

He ran down the garden walk.

He saw the hive of bees.

He was so angry he knocked over the
hive of the busy little bees.

Then how those bees did fly at him!

The boy ran as fast as he could.

But he could not run as fast as bees
can fly. How they stung him!

"O!" he cried, "go back! go back!
O! O!"

By and by the boy was in the house.

He was not happy. He was sorry he
had teased the one little busy bee.

He wished he had not been so angry.



THE DONKEY AND THE JACKAL.

| | | | |
|----------|---------|----------|---------|
| dōn' kēy | hăp' pŷ | kīl | brāy |
| jăck' əl | thīngs | bē' găn' | ăft' ěr |

A donkey and a jackal were good friends.

One night they were in a garden.

"How beautiful it is here!" said the donkey.

"How bright the moon and stars are!

These flowers are very sweet, and I like these apples over my head.

I am so happy I think I can sing," said the donkey.

"O, do not, do not sing!" cried the jackal. "You do some things very well, but you can not sing, my friend," said the jackal.

"If you should sing, the man in the house would hear you, and kill us."

"I think you do not know what a fine voice I have," said the donkey. "Hear me, now hear me sing!" said he.

"Wait! Let me get out of this garden!" cried the jackal.

The donkey, in pride, then began to bray.

The man heard him and came out of the house at once.

He ran after the donkey, with a stick. Down the street they ran.

The jackal cried out, "Do you think now you can sing?"

It is better to do the things we were made to do. We can not all sing.

PHONIC DRILL.

| | | | | |
|---|------|------|------|--------|
| ā | cāmē | fāçē | mākē | skātē |
| ē | ēāt | pēēp | rēād | tēā |
| ī | pīē | kītē | fivē | nīght |
| ō | sō | grōw | ōld | ō'cean |
| ū | ūsē | flew | few | blūē |

THE MOON.

| | | | |
|----------|-------|-------|------|
| mōth' ēr | lārgē | hōrnŝ | wĕst |
| full | shārp | ēast | hālf |

Have you seen the new moon, Edith?
Come and look out of this west window.

Is the new moon in the west, mother?
Yes; see its two sharp horns of gold.
By and by we shall see the half-moon.
Some night we shall see the moon
come up over the trees in the east.

It will look large and round.
Then we will say, "See the full moon!"
The stars are bright to-night, Edith.
The moon is not so large as the stars.
The stars look small. They are far
away. The moon is not so far away.



THE NEW MOON.

Dear Mother, how pretty
The moon looks to-night!
She was never so pretty before;
Her two little horns
Are so sharp and so bright
I hope she'll not grow any more.

If I were up there,
With you and my friends,
I'd rock in it nicely, you'd see;
I'd sit in the middle
And hold by both ends;
O what a bright cradle 'twould be!

And there we would stay
In the beautiful skies,
And through the bright clouds we would roam;
We would see the sun set,
And see the sun rise,
And on the next rainbow come home.

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.





THE GOOSE AND THE GOLDEN EGGS.

gōose thought hāstē
wōn' dēr ful īn'sīdē lā'īd

A man once had a wonderful goose.
Every day this wonderful goose laid
an egg of bright gold.

“How fine this is!” said the man.

He wished for all the eggs at once.

“How rich I shall be!” he said.

“I think my fine goose must be all
gold inside.”

He thought she must be full of bright gold eggs. He said, "I will kill her and get all the gold at one time." Then, he thought, he would be happy. So he killed his good goose. He began at once to look for the gold; but no gold was there.

He found she was like every other goose. How sorry he was he had killed her. In his haste to get so much gold, he lost all he had.

He wished he had not been so greedy.

PHONIC DRILL.

| | | |
|-----|------|----|
| ă | ě | ĩ |
| ăt | bělʹ | ĩt |
| ăm | fělʹ | ĩș |
| ănd | hěn | ĩn |

THE WHEAT.

wheāt fārm' ēr sōwēd sprāng

This is the seed the farmer sowed.

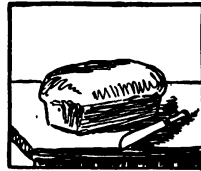
These are the ripe full heads
of wheat that sprang from the
seed the farmer sowed.



This is the meal so good
and sweet that was ground
from the ripe full heads of
wheat that sprang from the
seed the farmer sowed.



This is the bread we like
to eat that was made from
the meal so good and sweet
that was ground from the ripe
full heads of wheat that sprang from the
seed the farmer sowed.



[Read selections from "The Song of the Sower," by Bryant.]

THE LITTLE RED HEN.

| | | |
|------|------|-------|
| rīpø | căt | dønø |
| pīg | lōaf | clūck |

A little red hen had found a grain of wheat. "Who will plant this grain?" said the hen. "I will not," said the little black cat. "I will not," said the dog and the pig. "I will then," said the little red hen; and she put the wheat into the ground.

Soon the rain and the sun came down, and then the wheat was ripe. The little red hen then said to them, "Who will take this wheat to the mill?" "I will not," said the little black cat. "I will not," said the dog and the pig. "I will then," said the little red hen, and she took the wheat to the mill.

When she came home with the flour, she said, "Who will make a loaf of bread?" "I will not," said the little black cat. "I will not," said the dog and the pig. "I will then," said the little red hen.

When the loaf of bread was done, she said, "Who will eat this good sweet bread?" "I will," said the little black cat. "I will," said the dog and the pig. "No, no, no," said the little red hen. "You did not help to make the bread.

My chicks and I will eat this bread.

Good-by, my friends! Come, chicks! Cluck! cluck!"





Sir Edwin Landseer.

A PIPER AND PAIR OF NUT CRACKERS.

THE SQUIRREL AND THE BOYS.

yēs' tēr dāy sākks ĩnch' ěș strīpēs
 wīn' tēr nŭts mōșș cār' pět

Yesterday the boys went to get some nuts. They found ripe nuts under the trees. They took some home, but left many there to get to-day.

When the boys went back to-day for the nuts, no nuts were there.

Who do you think took away the nuts? I know. A happy little fellow took them.

He has a red coat with black stripes on the back. He saw the nuts which the boys had left.

Close by his mouth he had two sacks; and he put the nuts into the sacks.

Then he ran home, and he let the nuts roll out from the sacks.

And he put all those nuts away for the long, cold winter.

Have you ever seen his home? His carpet is of soft moss and leaves.

There he sleeps and eats, through the winter days.

Some days he comes out for a run.

Now, can you guess who took the nuts? A little squirrel took them away.





THE LARK AND HER LITTLE ONES.—I.

| | | | |
|-------|------|------|---------|
| lärk | flew | fēār | à bōvø' |
| bŷilt | fōōd | něxt | sāfø |

Once a lark built her pretty nest in
a farmer's wheat field.

The tall grain grew high above the
nest where four eggs were seen.

Soon there were four little birds in
the nest. They said, "Peep, peep."

Every day the little mother flew
away.

She flew away to get food for them.

One night when the lark came home, the little ones were in fear.

“O, mother!” they cried, “the farmer has been in this field to-day. He says the grain is ripe, and he must get some one to cut it.”

“Do not fear, little ones,” said their mother, “we are safe to-day.”

Away she flew again to get food for her four little ones.

The next night the four baby birds said, “O, the farmer has been here again! He says he must get his friends to help him cut this grain. What shall we do, mother? He will come and find us here.”

“Do not fear, little ones,” said their mother.

THE LARK AND THE FARMER. — II.

The next night the little ones cried,
“O, the farmer has been here again!

He says this grain must be cut tomorrow; he will not wait for his friends.

He says he will come in the morning.”

“Ah,” said their mother, “now we must go at once. We are not safe here.

If the farmer says he will cut the grain, it will be done.

Come now; come with me; we must go away now!”

The next morning the farmer came to cut his grain.

He found the lark’s nest; but the little ones were not there.

They had found a new home, far away.

RAIN DROPS.

Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
On the window-pane;
O where do you come from,
You little drops of rain?

“Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,”
Is what I hear you say;
Tell me, little rain drops,
Is this the way you play?

I sit here at the window;
I’ve nothing else to do;
O, I wish that I could play,
This rainy day, with you!

Little rain drops cannot speak;
But “pitter-patter-pat”
Means, “We play on this side,
But you must play on that.”

DELIA LOUISE COLTON.



TWO GOOD FRIENDS.

Hē' rò strānge rīght hūng
 bē twēen' stōpped sōme' thīng dō' ing

Fred has a large dog. "Hero" is his name. Fred's sister Helen has a little kitty. The dog and the kitty are good friends. Some days kitty will go to sleep between Hero's paws.

He is very kind to her. She knows she is safe with him.

One day Hero was asleep at the foot of the stone steps.

Kitty was playing not far away, when two strange dogs came upon her.

They ran to her and teased her. Kitty ran down the walk.

The dogs ran after her. When she saw Hero, she ran up to him.

Right between his paws, she stopped. "Now," she said, "I am safe."

The dogs that had run after her saw Hero and stopped.

Hero turned his head and looked at those two little dogs.

He looked at them as much as to say, "Who are you?"

Why did you run after this dear little kitty?

You should be doing better things than that!

Now go home and find something better to do."

I think the two strange dogs knew what Hero said to them.

They hung their heads, and walked away as if they were sorry for what they had done.

PHONIC DRILL.

| | | | | |
|---|------|------|------|------|
| ǎ | ǎm | ǎt | ǎnd | hǎd |
| ě | fěll | slěd | wěll | těnt |
| ī | īt | sīx | dīsh | wīnd |
| ō | ōn | tōp | pōnd | fōx |
| ů | nůts | sůn | bůd | cůp |

LITTLE KITTY.

Once there was a little kitty
White as the snow;
In the barn she used to frolic,
Long time ago.

In the barn a little mousie
Ran to and fro;
For she heard the kitty coming,
Long time ago.

Two black eyes had little kitty,
Black as a crow;
And they spied the little mousie,
Long time ago.



Nine pearl teeth had little kitty,
All in a row ;
And they bit the little mousie,
Long time ago.

When the teeth bit little mousie,
Little mouse cried, " Oh ! "
But she got away from kitty,
Long time ago.



THE FOX AND THE CROW.

crōw prāɪsə ō' pənəd fēath' ērs
 stōlə chēɪsə mouth an' ɪ

A crow once stole some cheese and flew with it to a tree.

The cheese was in her mouth, when a fox came by.

He said, "I must have that cheese!" He looked up at the crow.

"How beautiful you are, my friend!" said he. "I never saw any one more beautiful. Your feathers are fine.

I never saw any feathers so fine and beautiful as yours.

You must have a sweet voice. Do let me hear you sing!"

The crow was very happy to hear so much praise.

She opened her mouth to sing. As soon as she opened her mouth, down fell the cheese.

The fox took the cheese and ran away.

He left the crow to think of all he had said to her.

PHONIC DRILL.

| | | | |
|---|---------|--------|---------|
| ȳ | mȳ | crȳ | bȳ |
| ŷ | döl' lý | věr' ŷ | kīt' tŷ |

THE NORTH WIND.

| | | | |
|-----------|-------|----------|-------|
| Töm | īçø | wāy | sëndş |
| rŭn' nŭng | lŭvøş | rŭv' ěrş | south |

Why is Tom running so fast?

The north wind is running after him.

Indians tell us the north wind is a strong man and lives far away.

His home is in the cold snow fields.

His long hair is white with snow and ice. He blows our leaves about.

Oo! Oo! He blows the red and yellow leaves, first one way, then another.

He blows the nuts down from the trees.

He blows the seeds about till they find new homes. He sends the birds south.

He leaves ice on our rivers and lakes.

[Read "The Four Winds," from Longfellow's "Hiawatha."]

THE FISHERMAN.

| | | | |
|--------------|------|---------|-------|
| fish' ēr mān | ūse | threw | small |
| caught | līnē | ūn tīl' | Jūnē |

It was a bright day in June.

A fisherman threw his line into the water.

Soon he caught a little fish.

It was a very, very little fish.

He had never seen a fish so small.

The little fish said, "O, let me go!

Put me back into the brook. Wait until I grow large. I am too small now. I can be of no use to you."

"I know you are a little fellow," said the fisherman, "but when you get bigger you will be too clever to be caught."



WHO IS IT?

| | | | |
|-----------|---------|---------|----------|
| rēad' ing | pīp' ēr | wom' an | Mūf' fēt |
| Bò-Pēep' | châir | sòn | shēep |
| whēy | cūrdŝ | shoē | Mīss |

Papa is in his big chair reading a book.
Edith steps up and gets upon the back
of his chair.

She puts her hands over Papa's eyes,
and says, "Who is it? Who is it?"

"Who can it be?" says Papa.

"It is some one who loves you," she said. "Is it — Mamma?" "O, no, it is not Mamma!"

"Is it the old woman who lives in a shoe?"

"O, no, I have no little boys and girls," said Edith.

"Is it little Miss Muffet?" said her Papa.

"No, I do not like curds and whey."

"Is it Tom? Tom, the Piper's son?"

"O, no! I never stole a pig and ran away with it."

"Is it Little Bo-Peep?"

"No; I never lost any sheep."

"Is it my own sweet little girl?"

"Yes, Papa; and here is a kiss for you."

[Read "The Children's Hour," by Longfellow.]



BIRTHDAY MORNING.

Meyer von Bremen.

BABY.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

WORDS FOR SPELLING.

| | | | |
|------|-------|---------|--------|
| are | any | them | done |
| saw | buy | then | after |
| was | which | above | heard |
| said | where | does | should |
| sure | were | again | could |
| why | this | though | would |
| when | these | through | heard |
| what | those | thought | cried |

 PHONIC DRILL.

a

| | | |
|------|------|-------|
| all | ball | call |
| fall | hall | tail |
| saw | draw | small |
| talk | paw | want |



THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

ànt sòmø sũm' mē dàn' cing
 hốt hōur work' ing græss' hōp' pēr

Once some ants and a grasshopper lived in the same field.

The ants were seen working, working hour after hour, in the hot sun.

The grasshopper was seen dancing, dancing all through the summer days.

One day the grasshopper came to an ant and said, "Why do you work every hour? Why not play this hot day?"

Come with me and have some fun!
Come, dance and sing with me to-day!"

But the ant said, "If I should dance and sing with you, who would get food for me to eat next winter?"

The grasshopper said, "It is not winter now," and away he went dancing again.

The little ant was busy every hour, and soon her house was full of food.

When winter came, the poor grasshopper was cold, and wished for something to eat.

One day he went to the ant and said, "I have no food in my house; will you give me something to eat?"

The ant said, "Had you been as busy as I was, in the summer, you would have food to eat this winter."



TOM THUMB.

thŭmb kīng likəd mouſ nē' dlə
fä' thēr drōppəd swōrd mīç cōach

Tom Thumb was a little fellow. He was as small as his father's thumb.

Once Tom had a ride in the ear of his father's horse.

One day when Tom was out in the field, a bird flew away with him.

The bird dropped Tom into a river, and a big fish caught him.

A man caught the fish and said, "I will send this fish to the king."

When the fish was opened, out jumped little Tom Thumb.

The king liked Tom Thumb. He gave him a sword and a horse.

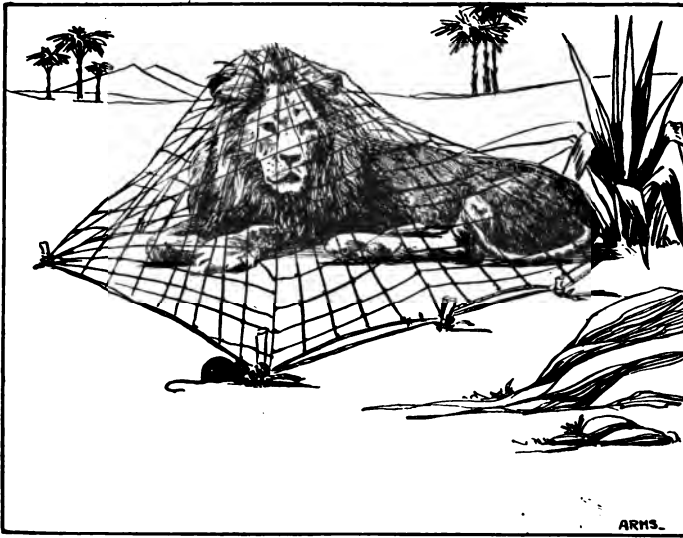
The sword was a needle, and the horse was a little white mouse.

How Tom liked to ride on his horse!

But, one day, a big black cat caught the horse and killed him.

Then the king said, "Now, Tom, you shall have a little coach and six white mice." Then what a happy little fellow Tom was!





THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

nět tīght' ēr bītē ī dē' à
rōpēs pēr hāps' grēāt brōkē

One day a lion was fast asleep in the woods.

A little mouse was playing near the lion. He ran over one of the lion's paws.

Then the lion put out his big paw. He caught the poor little mouse.

“O, let me go! Please let me go!” cried the poor little mouse.

“Do not kill me! If you will let me go, perhaps I can do something for you some day!”

The lion said, “Ho! Ho! The idea of a little mouse doing something for me!”

But the lion said, “Well, you may go.” And he let the mouse run off.

Not long after this, the great lion was caught in a strong net.

Some hunters had put the net in the woods, and now the lion was caught.

When he tried to get away, the ropes grew tighter.

“O!” cried he, “the hunters will soon come! They will kill me! They will kill me! I can not get away! What shall I do? What shall I do?”

The little mouse heard the great cry of the lion, and came running to him.

He said, “Good lion, I can help you!”

The lion looked at the little mouse and said, “How can you help me? You are such a little thing!”

“O, you will see!” said the little mouse. And he began to bite the ropes.

How fast the little mouse worked! One after another, the great ropes broke.

Soon the lion jumped up on his feet; now he could run.

How happy the lion and the little mouse were, as they ran away!

THE SONG.



sē~~a~~ wāv~~e~~s

lōw sōng

wīd~~e~~ fō~~a~~m

sāng child

mū' şic

I heard a dear voice; and the voice
said, "Come!"

It said, "Come, and I will sing a sweet
song to you.

I will play the music, and you may
hear the soft, sweet song."

Then the dear voice sang the sweet song to us.

It sang the soft, sweet song.

The song tells about a little child and the kind mother.

The little child's father was far, far away, on the wide, blue sea.

On the wide, blue sea the strong winds blow, and the waves are high and white with foam.

And the mother sang to the little child the sweet, soft song.

And the little child went to sleep.

Will you read or sing to us the sweet song that the mother sang to the little child?

Perhaps you will sing the song:
"Sweet and Low."

SWEET AND LOW.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep my pretty one, sleep.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



PICCOLA. — I.

Pic' cō là lăugh sād chīm' nøy
 à cröss' dēad sājnt Chrīst' mā's

Across the sea there once lived a sweet little maid called Piccola.

Her father was dead, and her mother had to work every day to buy food for herself and Piccola.

Poor little Piccola had no dolls nor pictures.

She had no books; but she was happy. Some days she was cold and had little to eat; but she was not sad.

In summer the birds sang their sweet songs to her, and the bright flowers grew all about her home.

In winter the little snowbirds flew to her window and she would feed them.

Then there was Christmas! Christmas was the best time of all the year.

But one year her mother was not well; she could not work now.

She said, "Dear Piccola, there will be no pretty presents for you this Christmas.

We must be glad if we can get bread to eat this year."

But Piccola said, "I think the good Saint will bring something for me."



PICCOLA'S CHRISTMAS GIFT. — II.

Her mother looked sad when she saw Piccola put her little shoe by her bed the night before Christmas.

Piccola said, "Perhaps the good Saint will put a little present into my shoe, mamma!"

“Poor child!” thought her mother, “I wish I had as much as a little cake for her! How sorry she will be in the morning!”

On Christmas morning, as soon as the sun came up, little Piccola ran to look in her shoe.

“O, mother, look! look!” she cried.
“See this dear little bird in my shoe!

The good Saint did bring me a present!”

There, right inside her shoe, was a little brown bird.

The bird was cold, and flew down the chimney in the night.

Piccola took the bird in her little warm hands and kissed it.

How she did dance and laugh, as she said, “I thought the good Saint would bring me a Christmas present, mamma!”



MY SHIP.

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And O! she was all laden
With pretty things for me.
There was candy in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four and twenty sailors,
That stood between the decks,
Were four and twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.
The captain was a duck
With a pack upon his back,
And when the ship began to move
The captain said, "Quack, quack!"



THE SWAN AND THE CROW.

sick swim' ming shore croaked
cough bathed tak' en sneezed

A black crow flew to the shore of a lake. He saw a pretty white swan swimming in the water.

The crow said, "O, what beautiful white feathers that swan has!

If I lived on this lake and bathed in the water every hour, my feathers would be as white as the swan's."

The next day the crow went to the lake.

Every hour he bathed in the water.

He soon began to sneeze and cough.
He had taken cold.

The next day he was sick; and he
found he had lost his voice.

For many days he croaked in a hoarse
tone.

“My feathers will never be white,” he
said. “Perhaps, after all, black feathers
are better for a crow,” he thought.

And he flew away to his own home.

PHONIC DRILL.

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ärø

fär

lärk

bärk

stär

märch

därk

härm

shärp



LITTLE NURSE.

Meyer von Bremen.

LULLABY.

Sleep, my baby, sleep, my boy,
Rest your little weary head;
'Tis your mother rocks her baby
In his little cradle bed.
Lullaby, sweet lullaby!

All the little birds are sleeping,
Every one has gone to rest,
And my precious one is resting
In his pretty cradle nest.
Lullaby, sweet lullaby!

Sleep, O, sleep, my darling boy;
Wake to-morrow fresh and strong;
'Tis your mother sits beside you
Singing you a cradle song.
Lullaby, sweet lullaby!

SEAT WORK.

Write ten words that begin with *f*.

Write ten words that begin with *l*.

Write ten words that contain *m*.

Copy eight words that rhyme with *right*.

Find and copy words that contain an *s*.

Copy twenty words of one syllable.

Write five words that rhyme with *take*.

Write twenty words each containing three letters.

Draw and cut pictures of a basket, an egg, a bird, an umbrella, a goose, a fish, a mouse, a ship, and a swan.

Sunday

Monday

Tuesday

Wednesday

Thursday

Friday

Saturday.



THE UNHAPPY SNOWFLAKE.

wōol stāy blăn' kět tō gēth' ēr
līl' y clōsē bē sīdē' an' y thīng

“What good can I do?” said a little snowflake. “I am so small!

I may as well not try to do anything.”

She was about to run away when some snowbirds flew by like brown leaves.

They called out to the snowflake, “Stay, stay!” Soon another snowflake came down beside her. Down, down they came.

As far as she could see, there were snowflakes close together.

One of these said, "You help me and I will help you, and soon we will make a great warm blanket."

In the morning, a little plant said, "What a warm, soft blanket this is!"

"Is this blanket made of wool?" said a mayflower root. "No; this is a blanket of soft white snow," said the wood-lily.

"We can all go to sleep now," said the mayflower. "We shall be safe under this beautiful warm blanket."

The snowflake heard them say this, and was happy now that she could help others do so much good.

[Read Bryant's "The Snow-Shower," Lowell's "The First Snow-fall," or Longfellow's "Snowflakes."]

THE BOY WHO CRIED "WOLF!"

| | | | |
|------|-----------|-------|------|
| sěnt | lāughed | měn | lāst |
| crȳ | cār' riəd | drīvə | děn |

A little boy was once sent to a field to look after some sheep.

His father said, "If a wolf comes into the field, you must cry, 'Wolf! wolf!'"

The men who are at work in the next field will come and drive him away."

For many days no wolf came.

One day the little boy thought he would have some fun.

He cried out, "O, help! a wolf! a wolf!"

The men ran to him at once. "Where, where is the wolf?" they cried.

The boy laughed. "O, I called you for fun," he said. "There is no wolf."

The men did not see any fun in this, and they went back to their work.

Two or three times the boy called to the men when there was no wolf.

At last a wolf did get into the field.

O how the boy did cry then! "A wolf! O, help, help! A wolf is here!"

The men heard the boy; but they said, "O, he is making fun again!"

So they did not run to help him.

The wolf killed some of the sheep and carried them off to his den.

The boy wished he had not called the men in fun.

PHONIC DRILL.

| | | | |
|-------|---------|--------|--------|
| ask | asleep' | about' | ant |
| after | away' | among' | above' |



THE MEETING OF THE MICE.

| | | | |
|--------|--------|------|-------|
| talkəd | ēas' ŷ | běľ | stōod |
| plăn | tīø | něčk | taľk |

Once a cat lived in a house with many mice.

These mice wished to drive away the cat, for he caught and killed some of them at every chance.

So they all met one night, to find out the best way to drive the cat off.

They talked from night until the next morning; but they could not think of any good plan.

At last a little mouse said, "I know! I know! Let us tie a bell around his neck!

When he is near, we can hear this bell and run away from the cat."

They all cried out, "Good, good! O, yes! That is a fine plan! a fine plan!"

But a very old mouse stood up and said, "I should like to know which one of you will tie the bell on the cat.

This is very easy to talk about, but not so easy to do!"

"O, O," said a little mouse, "there comes the cat now!"

And away they all ran in great haste.

Miss Rose Sherman,
Boston,
Mass.

47 Linden Place.

My dear sister Rose:—

We got here all right.
Grandpa met us at the station.
He has a fine horse. I wish you
could see him. He can go like
the wind.

Grandpa's farm is just beautiful. There is a big orchard near the house. The fruit trees are full of fruit now.

Yesterday we all went fishing at the pond. We went out in a boat. I caught three fish. We had them for dinner.

We got a big bunch of water lilies out on the water. We will go again when you come.

I have a good time all day. I shall be glad when you get here next week. Then you will have good times with us.

Your own brother,
Albert.



THE RABBIT IN THE MOON.

frũt drew thĩrd
 askød mon' køŷ

Long, long ago, a monkey and a little black duck lived in a little house in the woods.

By and by, a fox and a little rabbit came to live with them.

They said, "We will all be kind to every one in the land."

One day a little gray old man walked into the house.

The monkey was the only one at home. The man said, "I have come for food."

"Take this fruit; it is all I have," said the monkey.

The man took it and went away.

Another day, when the little black duck was the only one at home, the little gray man came again for food.

"Take this fish; it is all I have," said the kind little duck.

The third day, when the fox was the only one at home, the little gray man came again and asked for food.

"Take this milk; it is all I have," said the fox.

The next day the man came again.

The little rabbit was alone in the house.

The little gray man said, "I came for some food to eat."

"I have only this grass," said the rabbit.



The man said, "I can not eat grass, but I can eat you."

The little rabbit said, "You may eat me, then."

"Thank you," said the man; and he made a fire. "Now you may jump into the fire," said he.

The little rabbit said, "I will jump." But as soon as he jumped the fire went out.

The little gray man then said, "Look! I am not an old man!"

The rabbit looked up and saw a great king before him.

The king took the little rabbit in his arms and said, "I came to see if you are as kind as every one says you are. I have found you kind and good."

He then drew a picture of the little rabbit on the moon.

"Now, every one will see you and know how good you have been to me."

And that picture is still on the moon.

PHONIC DRILL.

â

| | | | |
|------|-------|-------|---------|
| câre | pâir | stâir | âir |
| hâre | bêar | wêar | fâir' ỹ |
| bâre | shâre | châir | hâir |



THE LAND OF NOD.

From breakfast on through all the day
At home among my friends I stay,
But every night I go abroad
Afar into the land of Nod.

All by myself I have to go,
With none to tell me what to do;
All alone beside the streams
And up the mountain sides of dreams.

The strangest things are there for me,
 Both things to eat and things to see,
 And many frightening sights abroad
 Till morning, in the land of Nod.

Try as I like to find the way,
 I never can get back by day,
 Nor can remember plain and clear
 The curious music that I hear.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

PHONIC DRILL.

ōō

| | | |
|------|-------|------|
| tōō | mōon | nōon |
| sōon | hōop | fōod |
| pōor | rōof | rōot |
| cōol | gōose | rōom |



THE LITTLE OAK DESK.

| | | |
|------|-------|------------|
| ōāk | yärd | făc' tō rŷ |
| ăxø | bŭzz | lŭm' bēr |
| děsk | bōārd | saw' mīlŷ |

One day little Edith went to school, and there was no desk for her.

“Where can I get a desk?” she said.
“I must have a desk.”

“Run to the store,” said a kind voice.
So Edith ran to the store.

“Have you a pretty little desk?” she said. “You must go to the factory where desks are made,” said a man.

Edith ran to the factory as fast as she could.

"Will you make a pretty desk for me?" she said to a man at the door.

"You must bring me a board from the lumber yard first," said he.

Away Edith ran to the lumber yard.

"Have you a good board for a desk?" she asked.

"You must go to the sawmill where boards are made," said the man.

Then down by the river to the sawmill Edith ran. "Will you make me a pretty board for a desk?" said Edith.

"Buzz, buzz," said the saw, "run to the woods and bring here an oak tree."

Away ran tired little Edith to the woods. There she saw an oak tree.

“Will you go to the sawmill with me?” she said to the great oak.

“Run for a man to cut me down,” said the great oak.

Away she ran again to a farmer, and said, “Will you cut this oak tree for me?”



“Run for an ax,” said he. And off Edith went for an ax.

“Will you come with me?” said she to the ax. “I will,” said the sharp ax.

So the ax went to the man; the man cut down the oak tree; the oak tree went to the sawmill.

The saw made the tree into boards;
the boards went to the lumber yard;
the lumber men took the boards to the
factory.

The factory made the boards into a
desk; the desk went to the store; the
store man carried the desk to the school.

Edith opened her blue eyes. There
was the pretty desk right before her.

It was her own little desk; and she
had been fast asleep in school.

PHONIC DRILL.

oo

book

brook

cook

look

stood

wool

took

wood

hood



GOLDEN-HAIR AND THE THREE BEARS. — I.

gōnə pōr' rīdʒə tī' nŷ
 hūgə mīd' dlə sīzəd' bōwl

There was a girl called Golden-Hair.

One day she was walking in the woods,
 and came to a little house.

In this house lived a great, huge bear,
 a middle-sized bear, and a tiny, little bear.

They had bowls for their porridge.

There was a great, huge bowl for the great, huge bear, a middle-sized bowl for the middle-sized bear, and a tiny, little bowl for the tiny, little bear.

There was a great, huge chair for the great, huge bear, a middle-sized chair for the middle-sized bear, and a tiny, little chair for the tiny, little bear.

There was a great, huge bed for the great, huge bear, a middle-sized bed for the middle-sized bear, and a tiny, little bed for the tiny, little bear.

When little Golden-Hair came to the bears' house, she looked in at the window. No one was at home.

The three bears had gone out for a walk. So Golden-Hair opened the door and went into their house.

GOLDEN-HAIR IN THE BEARS' HOUSE. — II.

| | | |
|----------|------|-----------|
| ātē | hārd | fōot |
| tāst' ēd | jüst | ŭp-stâŕs' |

Golden-Hair saw the bowls of porridge on the table.

She tasted the porridge of the great, huge bear; but that was too hot for her.

Then she tasted the porridge of the middle-sized bear; but that was too cold for her.

Then she tasted the porridge of the tiny, little bear, and this was just right for her. So she ate and ate till she ate this porridge all up.

She sat down in the chair of the great, huge bear; but that was too hard for her.

Then she sat down in the chair of the

middle-sized bear; but that was too soft for her.

Then she sat down in the chair of the tiny, little bear, and this was just right for her. So she sat there until the chair broke.

Down fell the little chair, down fell the porridge, and down fell Golden-Hair.

Then she went up-stairs.

Golden-Hair next lay down upon the bed of the great, huge bear; but that was too high at the head for her.

Then she lay down upon the bed of the middle-sized bear; but that was too high at the foot for her.

Then she lay down upon the bed of the tiny, little bear, and this was just right for her. So she lay there till she fell fast asleep.



THE RETURN OF THE THREE BEARS.—III.

| | | |
|-------------|-----------|---------|
| sómø' bōd ỹ | shout' ěd | ēāt' øn |
| sīt' tĩng | brō' køn | rũshød |
| growlød | tāst' ĩng | lỹ' ĩng |

By and by the three bears came home.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TASTING MY PORRIDGE!” growled the great, huge bear, in a great, huge voice.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TASTING MY PORRIDGE!” shouted the middle-sized bear, in a middle-sized voice.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TASTING MY PORRIDGE! AND EATEN IT ALL UP!" cried the tiny, little bear, in a tiny, little voice.

Then the three bears saw their chairs.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!" growled the great, huge bear, in a great, huge voice.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!" shouted the middle-sized bear, in a middle-sized voice.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR AND BROKEN IT ALL DOWN!" cried the tiny, little bear, in a tiny, little voice.

Then the three bears went up-stairs and saw their beds.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED!" growled the great, huge bear, in a great, huge voice.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED!"

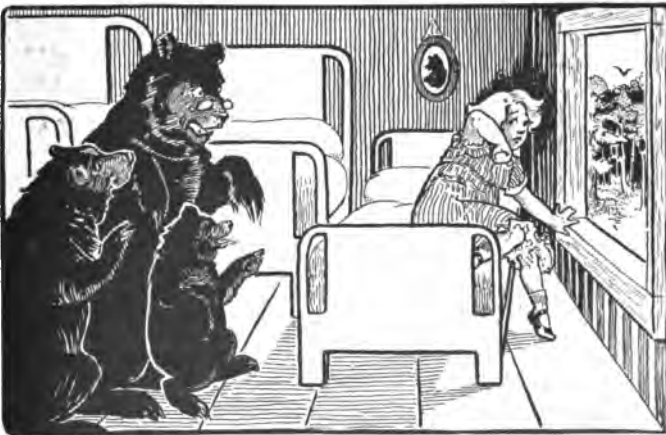
shouted the middle-sized bear, in a middle-sized voice.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED, AND HERE SHE IS FAST ASLEEP!” cried the tiny, little bear, in a tiny, little voice.

Just then little Golden-Hair awoke.

When she saw the three bears, she rushed to a window that was open, and out she jumped.

Then she ran home as fast as she could.





THE CHILD SAMUEL.

Sir Joshua Reynolds.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow ;
A tiny flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad ;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbor best.

M. B. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

FOR STUDY HOURS.

Use these Words in Sentences :

| | | |
|---------|--------|--------|
| sitting | drive | cross |
| lumber | lily | music |
| yard | beside | waves |
| silk | wool | great |
| cradles | sneeze | mouse |
| stood | taken | summer |
| talked | laugh | caught |

Copy and learn these lines :

*Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November;
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting February alone,
Which hath but twenty-eight, in fine,
Till leap year gives it twenty-nine.*



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

| | | |
|--------------|------------|------------|
| bôrn | sŭn' shīnø | còl' lěgø |
| Mājnø | còl' orød | wrōtø |
| Pōrt' lānd | tēach' ēr | pō' ěmş |
| Fěb' ru ā rŷ | yøŭng | chīl' drěn |

In February, 1807, in Portland, Maine, a bright little boy was born.

His mother called him "Sunshine," but his other name was Henry W. Longfellow.

He liked to watch the birds and he loved

to hear them sing. Their songs were like sweet music to him.

He liked to find the pretty flowers. The trees talked to him of many things.

When he was only three years old he went to school. He rode on the back of an old horse, with a kind colored man.

When he was six years old his teacher said, "Henry Longfellow is one of the best boys in school."

When he was a young man, he went to college. Then he went to many lands across the sea.

He wrote many beautiful poems.

The children loved him. Children like to read his poems. In one long poem he tells us about an Indian boy.

[Read "My Lost Youth."]

•



HIAWATHA.

| | | |
|---------------|----------------|-----------|
| dīø | pōlēø | wīg' wam |
| bärk | röck | bēa' vēøø |
| quēøø | stō' riøø | för' ěst |
| Hī' à wä' thä | gränd' möth ēr | hēav' øn |

Hiawatha was a little brown Indian boy.

His eyes were black, and his hair was black and long.

He lived in a very queer house. It was made of poles, trees, and bark.

It was called a wigwam. In this wigwam by the "Big-Sea-Water" Hiawatha lived, with his grandmother.

She loved Hiawatha. Once, when he was a little baby, she made for him a cradle of bark.

She put some soft moss into this cradle.

She would often rock him to sleep, and would sing to him and tell him stories.

She would tell him about the stars, the moon, and the clouds.

She would tell him the rainbow is a heaven of flowers. All the pretty flowers blossom up there after they die.

Hiawatha loved the tall trees in the great, black forest.

He loved the birds that lived in these tall trees.

He knew how they built their nests and where the nests were.

He talked to the birds, and the birds talked to him.

He called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Hiawatha knew the rabbits, the squirrels, and the beavers.

He knew how they built their houses.

He called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

[Read selections from "Hiawatha" by Longfellow.]

PHONIC DRILL.

ēr

hēr

būt' tēr

wērø

ěv' ěr

sīs' tēr

hěard

něv' ěr

tēach' ěr

ěarth

pā' pěr

flow' ěr

lēarn

bět' těr

färm' ěr

pěr häps'

WORK FOR STUDY HOURS.

Write ten words each containing four letters.

Copy ten words each containing five letters.

Find and copy ten words of two syllables.

Find ten words that rhyme with "made."

How many words do you know that rhyme with
"name"?

Write fifteen words that begin with "b."

Use the following words in sentences:

| | | | |
|----------|---------|----------|------|
| children | teacher | sunshine | bowl |
| desk | monkey | silk | bell |

Write names of six birds you know.

Draw a picture of a bird.

Write four sentences about squirrels.

How many kinds of trees do you know?

Write four sentences about trees.

Copy the names of animals you know.

Write six things you know about Hiawatha.



THE SHOOTING STAR.

| | | | |
|-----------|------------|-----------|-------|
| ē' vən ɪŋ | spär' kləd | sûr' făçə | rāyʃ |
| dànçəd | glīd' ěd | bè lōw' | clēār |
| rīp' pləd | rěst' ěd | cà nōəʃ' | həärt |

One evening, long ago, some Indian children saw a bright star fall. Down, down, down through the sky it fell.

It fell till it came and stopped above a beautiful lake. The waters of this lake were clear and cool.

The water rippled and danced and sparkled. The homes of the red children were on the shores of this lake.

The little star said, "Here on this lake shall be my home. I will stay with the happy red children."

So the star rested on the lake and sent its bright rays far down below the surface of the water.

The next morning a beautiful white water lily was lying on the water, just where the bright star had rested.

The little red Indian children tell us that the rays of this bright star turned into long stems and roots.

The flower was sweet and white. It had a heart of bright gold, just like the wonderful star that fell.

The little Indian children who lived near the lake glided out in their canoes to see the beautiful water lily.

They always loved the sweet white water lily far better than any other flower of forest, field, or stream.

PHONIC DRILL.

ir

| | | |
|-------|-------|----------|
| bīrd | fīrst | çīr' cūs |
| thīrd | sīr | thīrst |
| dīrt | stīr | bīrch |
| gīrl | bīrth | çīr' cle |

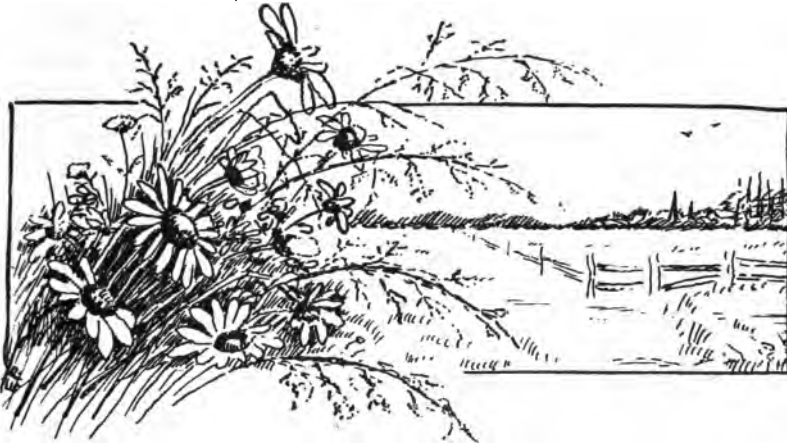
DAISIES.

At evening, when I go to bed,
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadows of the Night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the Moon will go;
It is a lady sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For, when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.

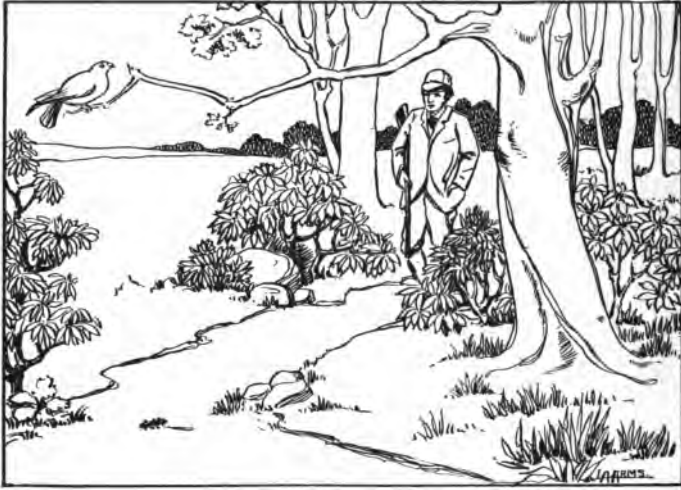
FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.



O, daisies, crowding all the fields,
 And twinkling grass, and buds that grow;
 Each glance you greet
 With smiles so sweet!

"And why? ah, would you know?"
 Their beauty to my heart replied:
 "For some one else we live,
 And nothing in this world so wide
 Is sweeter than to give."

George Cooper.



THE DOVE AND THE ANT.

ăl' mōst flōăt' ěd sāfē' lý sāvē
 drownēd clīmbeđ thănk' ful rŭsh' ing

A little ant, who tried to drink some water beside a rushing stream, fell into the water and was almost drowned.

But a dove saw the ant fall into the water; so she dropped a leaf into the stream near the ant.

The thankful ant climbed upon the leaf and floated safely to the shore. She wished she could do something for the dove.

One day, not long after this, a hunter came under the tree where the dove sat by her nest. But the dove did not see him. She did not know he had a gun and was about to shoot her.

“O how can I save my friend? How can I save that kind dove?” thought the ant. “O, I know; I know!”

And she ran up to the hunter and stung him on his foot. He dropped his gun quickly to the ground.

The dove saw and heard him then, and she flew safely away. The ant was glad she had been kind to the dove.



TOM'S EASTER LILY.

| | | | |
|-------------|----------|----------|-------|
| bōot' blăck | çîr' cŭs | därk | fēøl |
| côr' nēr | ěx' trà | lil' iøs | wēøk |
| mòn' øỹ | fif' tỹ | bə/ā' tỹ | stēøp |

Two little bootblacks stood at the corner of the street.

"See all this money," said Tom. "I have been working hard all the week to get this extra fifty cents.

Now I am going to have a good time with it. I am going to the circus. Hurrah for the circus!"

Just as he was about to go, the other bootblack said, "Do you know Kitty Green has been sick four weeks?"

"No," said Tom. "That is too bad!"

As he walked on he said, "Four weeks is a long time to be sick.

Kitty has been good to me. She asked me to eat my Christmas dinner with her and her brother.

Kitty's mother gave me a cap, too, at Christmas. I wish I could do something for Kitty,—something she would like."

Just then Tom looked up; and he saw a man who had a cart full of great white lilies.

"Lilies! lilies!" cried the man. "Large lilies in flower-pots, for fifty cents!"

"What beautiful lilies!" thought Tom. "How Kitty would like one of those plants!" Tom stopped. He thought of the fun he could have at the circus. Then he thought of poor Kitty.



“I will take this lily,” said Tom to the man. “What a beauty!” thought he.

Then down the street Tom went with the lily. Soon he reached Kitty’s home.

Up, up the steep, dark stairs he climbed; and he knocked at the low door.

“Come in,” said a tired voice. Tom

took off his cap and walked into the poor little room.

"See what I've brought to you!" said Tom, going over to where Kitty lay.

When the little girl saw the beautiful lily, how her eyes did shine!

"O thank you, thank you!" she said. "How beautiful and sweet it is! How good you are! This makes me feel almost well." "I hope you will be well soon," said Tom, as he went away.

Every day when Tom went by the house he saw the white lily at the window.

Soon he saw Kitty's face at the window beside the lily.

One day Kitty opened the window and said, "Tom, I am well now; and the lily you brought helped to make me well."



LITTLE WHITE LILY.

Little white Lily sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting till the sun shone.

Little white Lily sunshine has fed;
Little white Lily is lifting her head.

Little white Lily said, "It is good,—
Little white Lily's clothing and food."

Little white Lily, dressed like a bride!
Shining with whiteness, and crowned beside!

Little white Lily droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting for the wet rain.

Little white Lily holdeth her cup;
Rain is fast falling, and filling it up.

Little white Lily said, "Good again,
When I am thirsty to have fresh rain.

"Now I am stronger; now I am cool;
Heat cannot burn me, my veins are so full."

Little white Lily smells very sweet;
On her head, sunshine; rain at her feet.

Thanks to the sunshine, thanks to the rain;
Little white Lily is happy again.

GEORGE MACDONALD



A STORY OF BEAVERS.

| | | |
|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| hĩd | dăm | chăn' nẻl |
| hĩm sẻlf' | củt | ỷrẻng |
| swăm | quỉẻk' lý | frẻnt |
| tảỉl | strủẻk | noỉẻ |

Once a man wished to see how the beavers work.

So he hid himself, with some other men, near a beaver dam.

In the night these men cut a channel about a foot wide right through the dam.

They made no noise about it; but the water rushed through the channel and woke one of the beavers.

He left his house and swam quickly to the dam to see what was wrong.

He then struck four blows with his tail, and at this call *all* the beavers woke and came out to see what was wrong.

When they saw the large hole in the dam, they put their heads together, as much as to say, "What shall we do?"

Then one old beaver seemed to tell the others; and away they all swam to the bank to get earth.

When they had as much as they could take, they made a long line, two and two.

Each beaver had put earth on the tail of the one in front of him; and away they went to the dam.

The earth was then put into the hole at the dam. It was made strong by blow after blow from the tails of the beavers.

They worked so hard and so well that in a little while the dam was as strong as ever.

Then one of the old beavers gave two quick loud blows with his tail; and very soon every little beaver was in bed and asleep again.

[ADAPTED.]





COTTON.

| | | | |
|----------|--------|----------|-----------|
| cōt' tŏn | clōth | găth' ěr | ōwns |
| pŏds | pĭēĉē | prĕssēd | cŏv' ěrēd |
| dew | thrēad | world | fĭn' ěst |
| Ĭn' dĭ à | ō' pĕn | mĭlls | mŭs' lĭn |

Grace lives in the warm South, where her father owns great cotton fields.

Sometimes Grace goes to the fields with her father. She is eight years old, and the cotton is as high as her head.

In the summer the cotton plant is covered with pretty, yellow blossoms.

After some weeks, Grace can see the snow-white cotton in the open pods.

Then, many black men gather the cotton in the wide fields.

By and by the little hard seeds are taken from the cotton.



After this is done, the cotton is pressed and is sent away to the great mills, to be made into thread, yarn, and cloth.

One day Grace said, "Papa, is my white muslin dress made of cotton?"

"Yes," said he, "but that muslin came from the land of India.

The finest muslins of the world are made in India. Sometimes, a man there will work many weeks on one piece of muslin.

One kind is so fine that, when it is put on the grass and is covered with dew, it can hardly be seen."

"O," said Grace, "that must be beautiful! But I think I like best a dress that I can see."

PHONIC DRILL.

ô

ôr

fôr

fôrm

hôn

côn

hônse

shôrt

môn' ing

nôth



COLUMBUS.

sāɻl' orɕ

sāɻləd

shɪps

tīdeɕ

quēən

Spāɻn

flăt

Īt' à lỹ

Cò lũm' bũs

A long time ago a little boy lived far away over the sea. His name was Columbus, and his home was in Italy.

He liked to go down by the ocean and watch the great ships, as they came in from other lands.

Sometimes the sailors would tell him about the lands far away. Columbus wished he might go to them in a great ship.

He loved the sea. He said, "I will be a sailor some day." His father said, "Then you must work hard."

Columbus found out many wonderful things about the winds, the waves, and the tides. By and by he went to sea.

Columbus sailed north and south. He said, "The world is round. There is land west of us."

"O no!" said every one to him, "the world is flat, and if we go too far we shall fall off."

They laughed at Columbus; but he would not give up. He asked a king for his help to find new lands.

The king laughed, too; and would not help. Columbus thought, "Will no one help me?" Then he went to another king.

This king said, "There is no land in the west!" He sent Columbus away.

At last, Columbus went to a queen. This good queen lived in Spain.

Columbus said to her, "Will you help me? I think there is land in the west."

The queen said, "I think you are right. There may be land far away, on the other side of our world."

She said she would help him, and she gave him three small ships.



A LONG OCEAN VOYAGE.

| | | | |
|----------|-------|--------|----------|
| för göt' | brävø | thänks | blew |
| å fräjd' | cälm | knělt | īs' land |

Now, Columbus was very happy. He forgot that he was very poor. And in 1492, the three little ships sailed from Spain. The sailors were strong men, but they were not so brave as Columbus.

After they had not seen any land for

many days, they were afraid. They wished to go back to their homes in Spain.

One day, great winds blew the little ships about. "O, let us go home!" the sailors cried. "We are lost! we are lost!"

But Columbus knew that the wind would not blow very long. He would not sail back. Then there came a calm. The sailors cried, "We shall never see land again!"

Columbus knew the wind would blow again, so that soon they could sail once more. But the sailors grew angry.

They said, "Let us kill Columbus! Then we can sail back to Spain."

One day they saw some birds. Columbus said, "Land must be near, for such birds never fly far from land."

One morning, soon after this, a sailor cried, "Land! land!"—There it was, a beautiful island! At last they came to it.

Columbus knelt under the tall trees. He gave thanks to God, who had brought them safely to the new land in the west.

This new land in the west, that Columbus found, is our own beautiful land.

WORDS FOR SPELLING.

| | | |
|----------|-------|--------|
| many | learn | cannot |
| only | know | across |
| alone | knew | caught |
| pretty | while | busy |
| gather | they | right |
| together | who | write |
| always | work | wrote |
| perhaps | walk | asked |

CINDERELLA. — I.

proud

ăsh' ేశ

găr' rět

sělf' ish

çin' dēř

pret' tĩ ēr

daugh' tēr

Çin' dēr ěl' là



Once a woman had two daughters and one step-daughter. Her two daughters were proud and selfish, like herself.

Her step-daughter was good and lovely; but the woman was not kind to this pretty step-daughter.

She made her do all the hard work and sleep on a poor little hard bed.

This hard bed was in a dark, low garret. The woman gave her own daughters the finest rooms in the house.

The step-daughter, when her work was done, would sit in the chimney-corner beside the cinders and the ashes.

They called this poor girl Cinderella. Cinderella, even in her poor old dress, was much prettier than her two sisters.

CINDERELLA AND HER SISTERS.—II.

| | | |
|------------|----------|----------|
| prince | wear | gown |
| in vīt' ěd | věl' vĕt | pēø' plø |

Now the prince gave a ball. He invited all the great people to come.

The two sisters were invited ; but Cinderella was not invited. The sisters were busy with plans for the beautiful dresses they would wear.

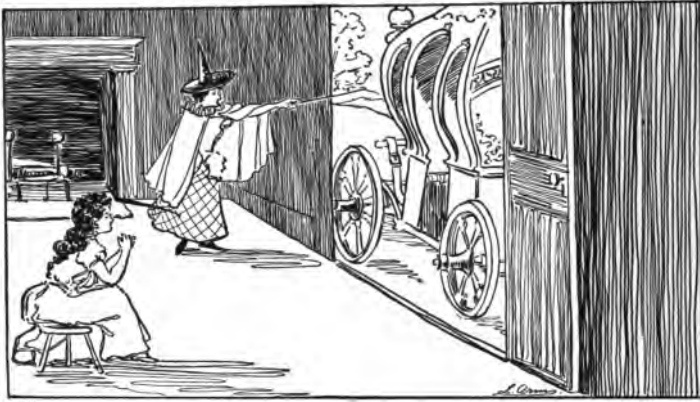
Cinderella helped each sister to make her dress beautiful. One daughter said, "I will wear my red velvet gown."

The other said, "I will wear a dress with flowers of gold." Cinderella helped them.

They were glad of her help, too. One of them said, "Cinderella, would you not be glad to go to the ball?"

"Ah," said she, "you only laugh at me. It is not for me to go to this ball."

"You are right, Cinderella," said they. "It would make the people laugh to see a cinder girl at a ball."



CINDERELLA AND THE FAIRY. — III.

fâîr' ý pŭmp' kîn wənd cōach' mən
 sîl' vēr tŏuchəd măt' tēr fŏot' mən
 glăss lîz' ardş slîp' pērş mîd' nîght

At last, the happy day came. The sisters went to the great ball.

When they were gone, Cinderella began to cry. Her godmother, who saw her, said, "What is the matter, Cinderella?"

Cinderella said, "I wish—I—wish I could go to the ball!"

Her godmother — a good fairy — said, “Be a good girl, and I will see what I can do for you.

Run into the garden and get me a big pumpkin.” Cinderella ran, and brought the finest pumpkin she could find.

The fairy took out the inside of it and then touched it with her wand. It turned into a fine coach of gold.

She next found six mice. She gave each mouse a little touch, and it turned into a beautiful gray horse.

Then she found a big rat. She touched him, and he turned at once into a fine little coachman.

She then found six lizards in the garden. She touched these, and they turned into six little footmen.

The fairy then touched Cinderella's poor dress. At once it became a beautiful dress of fine silver and gold.

Then she gave Cinderella two pretty little glass slippers, and said, "Now you may go; but you must be home at midnight.

If you stay after midnight, you will have no coach, no coachman, no horses, no footmen, and no beautiful dress."

Away rode Cinderella to the ball, in her fine coach, with her six gray horses, her coachman, and her footmen.

PHONIC DRILL.

ò

| | | | |
|------|------|-------|----------|
| lòvø | còmø | mònth | òth' èr |
| dònø | sòmø | dòøz | mòth' èr |



CINDERELLA AND THE PRINCE.—IV.

prɪn' çɛss lɛd clɒk twɛlv
 hænd' sɒm tɔld strɪk pɪkəd

When the prince was told that a beautiful princess was come, he ran out-at once to meet her.

He led her into the hall. The music stopped. The people left off dancing.

Every one looked at the princess. She was very beautiful. "Ah! how handsome she is!" they all said.

The old king had seen no one so beautiful. The prince invited her to dance with him. Prettier dancing never was seen.

Soon the princess sat down beside her two sisters. She was very kind to them.

By and by the clock began to strike twelve. Cinderella, the princess, glided from the hall. The prince started to go, too. Cinderella ran so fast she lost one of her glass slippers. The prince stopped and picked it up. At last, Cinderella was at home; but with no coach, no coachman, no horses, no footmen. She was in her old dress. She had stayed after twelve.



CINDERELLA AND THE GLASS SLIPPER.—V.

fit lā' dŷ əl' wáɪs fɪt' tɛd
 wăx wʰosə mǎr' rŷ mǎr' rɪəd

Soon after this, the prince said he would marry the lady whose foot the glass slipper would just fit.

Every lady tried to put a foot into the slipper. But it did not fit any one.

“Let me try it!” said Cinderella. And the prince said, “Let every one try!”

Cinderella sat down and put her little foot right into that slipper. What a good fit it was! No slipper could fit better.

It fitted as though it had been made of wax. The sisters thought this very strange.

Just then the good fairy came in. She touched Cinderella, and her dress grew more beautiful than it had been before.

“The handsome princess is our own Cinderella!” cried the sisters. They knelt to her, and were sorry they had been unkind.

Cinderella kissed them and said she wished they would always love her. She was then taken to the young prince.

He thought her more beautiful than ever; and soon they were married.



THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

My dear, do you know
How, a long time ago,
Two poor little children,
Whose names I don't know,
Were stolen away
On a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood,
As I've heard people say.

And when it was night,
 So sad was their plight,
 The sun it went down
 And the moon gave no light!
 They sobbed and they sighed,
 And they bitterly cried,
 And the poor little things,
 They lay down and died.

And when they were dead,
 The robins so red
 Brought strawberry leaves,
 And over them spread;
 And all the day long,
 They sang them this song:—

Poor babes in the wood!

Poor babes in the wood!

And don't you remember

The babes in the wood?



THE CRANE AND THE FARMER.

crānē wīck' ěd al' sò
 sprěād ěv' ěr ŷ bōd' ŷ

In the spring a farmer sowed his field;
 but some crows picked up the seed.

The farmer then spread some nets to
 catch the wicked crows.

One day he found some crows caught
 in a net, but with them was a crane.

“O, I am not a crow!” said the crane,
“I am a good bird. Everybody knows
I am good. O, do not kill me!”

The farmer laughed, and said, “If you
go with those who are wicked, every-
body will think you are wicked also.
You must die with these wicked crows.”

CROCUSES.

There fell an April shower, one night;
Next morning, in the garden bed,
The crocuses stood straight and gold;
“And they have come,” the children said.

There fell an April shower, one night;
Next morning, through the woodland spread
The May-flowers, pink and sweet as youth;
“And they are come,” the children said.

MARY E. WILKINS.

THE WONDERFUL SPINNER.

hũn' drəd

spĩn' něr

fĩ' běr

spĩn

wěb

flăx

wē~~aves~~

spĩ' děr

dē stroyș'



“You spin such soft fine threads,
mamma! How can you do it so well?”

“Some one told me how, when I was
a little girl, and I have been working
at it for many, many years.”

“Are there many people who can spin such fine and beautiful threads?”

“O, yes; I know some one who spins the finest of threads. Hundreds taken together are not so large as one fiber of this flax.”

“She must be a wonderful spinner! Who told her how to spin so well?”

“No one ever told her. She had hardly seen the light of day when she began to spin well and fast.”

“That is queer! This wonderful spinner must be very rich. How much money she must have for her pretty work.”

“She has no money, dear child.”

“Then is she very poor? Why does she not take her beautiful work to the stores and get money for it?”

"No one would buy it."

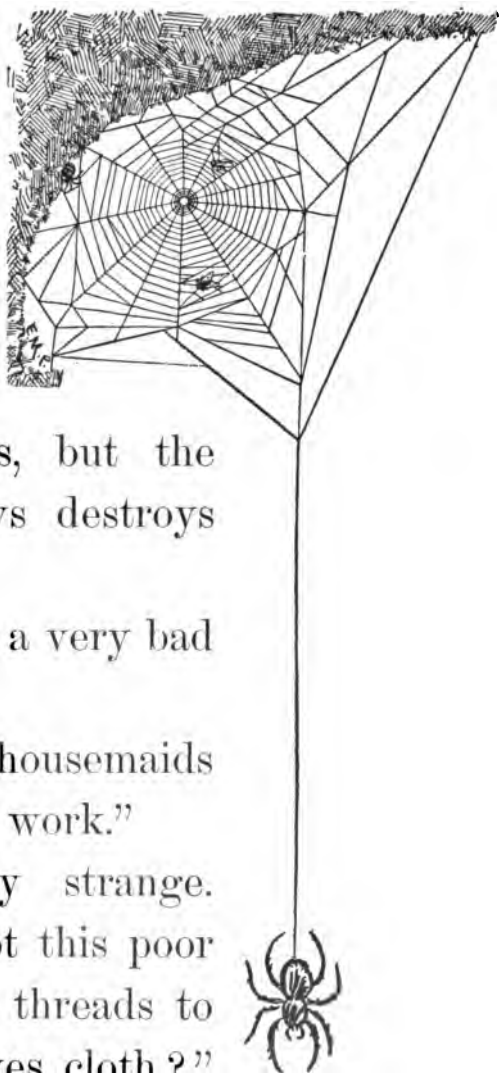
"Then why does she not take it to the people's houses?"

"She has done this many times, but the housemaid always destroys the work."

"She must be a very bad housemaid."

"No; good housemaids will destroy her work."

"This is very strange. But why does not this poor spinner take her threads to a man who weaves cloth?"



“He could not make cloth of her threads. Like all the others, he sends her away from his home.”

“Do tell me what this poor spinner does with her yarn?”

“She spins and weaves it herself. We call her work the ‘spider web.’ Do you know now who the spinner is?”

[ADAPTED: FROM THE GERMAN.]



They'll come to the apple tree,—

Robin and all the rest,—

When the orchard branches are fair to see

In the snow of blossoms dressed,

And the prettiest thing in the world will be

The building of the nest.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



ROBERT BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

Scõt' lānd är' mÿ sĕv' ɛnth cārø
 Eng' lish fĕrçø bāt' tlø wĭn
 fāĭlød fought driv' ɛn lĕs' søn

Robert Bruce was a brave king of Scotland. He had led his army six times against the army of the English king.

Many fierce battles had been fought.

Six times Robert Bruce and his army had failed to drive away the English army.

One day, as he lay on the ground, he said to himself, "It is of no use to try again. I never shall win."

Just then he saw a spider over his head. She was about to weave her web.

Slowly, slowly, and with great care, she tried to throw her fine thread from one place to another.

Over and over again the little spider's thread failed to reach the place she wished. Six times she failed.

"Poor little spider!" thought the great king, "I, too, know what it is to fail!"

But the little spider did not give up. With more care she tried again, and for the seventh time.

Far out upon the little thread she hung, and Robert Bruce watched her. Would she win her little battle this time?

Ah, yes! Her fine little thread was at last where she wished it to be.

Robert Bruce sprang up, and said, "I, too, will try again! I will try seven times to win my battle."

He called his men once more about him, and soon another fierce battle was fought.

Did he win in this battle? Yes. The English king and his army were driven back to their own land.

The great king never forgot the lesson he had learned from the little spider.



WASHINGTON AT TRENTON.

John Faed.

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND THE APPLE.

Wash'ing tòn war ǒf' fērød ôr' chard
 prěš' i dønt lifø gěñ' ēr əl lōəd' ěd
 gěñ' ēr øűs oughť cǒm mǎnd' frēø' lý
 sōl' diěrs shârø lǎrgø' lý giv' ing

When George Washington was a boy he always tried to do right. He wished to grow up to be a good, great man.

One day some one gave to him a very large red apple. It was fair and beautiful to look at.

George Washington knew that he might be generous with the apple and give some of it to his little friend.

But he did not wish to share it with any one. He wished to keep the apple for himself.

So he held the apple tighter in both hands, and said, "No; I will not give away any part of this."

His father, who was a kind man, took the little boy by the hand and led him out into a large orchard. There they saw the trees loaded with apples.

Above their heads, on the trees hung large yellow apples, ripe red apples, and green apples. "Look at all these apples," said the father.

"See how generous God is, in giving apples to us all! He gives to us so freely and so largely!"

George Washington hung his head. He hardly knew what to say. He felt sorry that he had been so greedy.



“O, father,” said he, “I will never be so greedy again, in all my life. I am sorry I was not generous.”

So George Washington gave away some of the beautiful apple that he had. He never forgot what his father had said.

He always tried to be generous with all that God gave to him. He knew he must share things with others.

When he had grown to be a man, and had become a brave general, he offered his very life to save our land. He gave his own life for the lives of others.

Every one heard how good and brave and generous he was.

He was given the command over all our soldiers. Every one loved him. It was known that he would always do what was best and right.

At last the long war was over and done, and then George Washington was made president of our land.

PHONIC DRILL.

| | | | |
|---|------|------|------|
| u | fulʔ | pulʔ | put |
| û | bûrn | tûrn | hûrt |



The alder by the river
Shakes out her powdery curls,
The willow buds in silver
For little boys and girls.

The little birds fly over,
And oh ! how sweetly sing,
To tell the happy children
That once again 't is spring.

Who is it brings the flowers,
Adorning earth anew?
'T is God : oh, happy children,
He makes them all for you.

CELIA THAXTER.

CHRIST AMONG THE DOCTORS.

| | | | |
|------|---------|------------|---------------|
| town | fēast | tēach' ērs | cār' à vãn |
| wīse | Jē' şūs | sēomēd | trāv' ělēd |
| kēpt | hills | tēm' plē | Jē ru' sà lēm |

In a little town in the far East, there once lived a boy who grew more beautiful, strong, and wise, day by day.

Every year his father and mother, with many others, traveled over the hills to Jerusalem, to a great feast.

When he was twelve years old, this child, whose name was Jesus, went with his father and mother to this feast.

After the people had been at the feast seven days, they left the city and they went to their homes.



Perhaps the beautiful boy did not know when all the people started to go home; for he was in the temple.

But his mother and father thought that he was with the other boys, in the long, long caravan. After they had traveled a day, they looked for him; but they could not find him.

He was not anywhere among their friends.

Then his father and mother went back to Jerusalem. After three days they found their dear son in the great temple.

He was there in a room with the wise old men, the great teachers. He had many things to ask of them.

Those wise men thought it seemed very wonderful that this boy could tell them of so many wise things that they did not know.

When his mother had found him, he said he was doing the great work that God would have him do, and he went home with his father and mother.

And his mother kept all these things in her heart.

FAREWELL TO THE FARM.

The coach is at the door at last;
The eager children mounting fast
And kissing hands, in chorus sing:
Good-by, good-by, to everything!

To house and garden, field and lawn,
To meadow-gates we swung upon,
To pump and stable, tree and swing, —
Good-by, good-by, to everything!

And fare you well for evermore,
O ladder at the hayloft door,
O hayloft where the cobwebs cling,
Good-by, good-by, to everything!

Crack goes the whip, and off we go;
The trees and houses smaller grow;
Last, round the woody turn we swing:
Good-by, good-by, to everything!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.



| | | |
|---|-------|--------|
| ā | as in | āle |
| ā | “ | senāte |
| â | “ | âir |
| ă | “ | ăm |
| ä | “ | ärm |
| a | “ | final |
| a | “ | all |
| â | “ | ask |
| ē | “ | ēve |
| è | “ | èvent |
| ě | “ | ěnd |
| ě | “ | hěr |
| e | “ | novel |
| ī | “ | īce |
| ī | “ | īdea |
| ī | “ | īll |
| ō | “ | ōld |
| ô | “ | ôbey |
| ô | “ | ôrb |
| ǒ | “ | ǒdd |
| ū | “ | ūse |
| û | “ | ûnite |
| u | “ | rude |
| u | “ | full |

| | | |
|----|-------------|------------|
| ǔ | as in | ǔp |
| û | “ | ûrn |
| ŷ | “ | pityŷ |
| ȳ | “ | fly |
| ōō | “ | fōōd |
| ōō | “ | fōōt |
| ṇ | “ | banṇk |
| s | “ | so |
| ṣ | “ | haṣ |
| ç | “ | çell |
| c | “ | cat |
| ou | “ | out |
| oi | “ | oil |
| z | “ | zone |
| ạ | (= ǒ) | as in what |
| ẹ | (= ā) | “ obey |
| ĩ | (= ě) | “ bĩrd |
| ṛ | (= ōō) | “ dṛ |
| ḡ | (= j) | “ ḡem |
| th | | “ thin |
| th | | “ that |
| ọ | (= ǒǒ or ụ) | “ wọlf |
| ỏ | (= ǔ) | “ sỏn |
| ỹ | (= ě) | “ mỹrtle |

VOCABULARY OF SECOND READER.

This list will be found useful for review work in pronunciation, spelling, and language lessons.

The Diacritical Marks used are found in the latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary.

| | | |
|---------------|-------------|------------|
| à bóvé' | bärk | brāve |
| à cröss' | bāthed | brāy |
| à frāid' | băt' tle | brōke |
| äft' ěr | beaū' tŷ | brō' ken |
| à gō' | bēa' vēřǝ | brown |
| ăl' mōst | běd | buĭlt |
| ăl' sô | bēe | buřŷ |
| ăl' wăyř | bē fōré' | bŭt' tēr |
| ăn' grŷ | bē găn' | buŷ |
| ânt | bělł | bŭzz |
| an' ŷ | bē lōw' | |
| an' ŷ thĭng | bē sĭde' | cāge |
| Ăr' è thŭ' sà | bět' tēr | całled |
| ärmsǝ | bē twēen' | căłm |
| ăr' mŷ | bĭte | cà noęř' |
| ärt' ĭst | blăn' kět | căr' à vãn |
| ăsh' ěř | blew | câre |
| ăsked | bōard | căr' pět |
| āte | bōot' blăck | căr' rĭed |
| ăxe | Bô Pēep' | căt |
| | bôrn | caught |
| băd | bōwl | châir |

| | | |
|-----------------|-------------|-----------------|
| chăn' nêl | crâne | drew |
| chēese | cried | drive |
| child | crōaked | driv' en |
| chil' drên | croók' ęd | dropped |
| chīm' neŷ | crōw | drowned |
| Christ | crŷ | ēarŷ |
| Christ' mas | cûrds | ēast |
| Çin' dēr ěl' là | cût | ēas' ŷ |
| çin' dērŷ | | ēat' en |
| çir' cūs | dām | Eng' lish |
| clēar | dânçe | ē' ven ing |
| climbed | dânçed | ēv' ēr ŷ bōd' ŷ |
| clōck | dân' çing | ēx' trà |
| clōse | därk | eŷes |
| clōth | däugh' tērŷ | |
| clück | Da Vinci | fäc' tò rŷ |
| cōach | dēad | fäiled |
| cōach' man | dên | fâir' ŷ |
| cöl' lēge | dēsک | färm' ēr |
| cöl' ored | dē stroyŷ' | fä' thēr |
| cōöl | dew | fēar |
| Có lüm' būs | dīe | fēast |
| cöm mänd' | dōes | fēath' ērŷ |
| côr' nêr | dō' ing | Fēb' ru à rŷ |
| côt' ton | dōne | fēel |
| cough | dōn' keyŷ | fí' bēr |
| còv' ered | dōor | fíerçe |

| | | |
|--------------|----------------|---------------|
| fif' tŷ | gŷv' ینگ | Hī à wā' thà |
| fīn' ẽst | glāss | hīd |
| fīsh' ẽr mən | glīd' ẽd | hīlŷ |
| fīt | gōne | hīm sēlf' |
| fīt' tẽd | gōose | hīve |
| flāt | gown | hōarse |
| flāx | grāin | hòn' eŷ |
| flew | grānd' mōth ẽr | hōrnŷ |
| flōat' ẽd | grāss' hōp pẽr | hōt |
| fōam | greāt | hour |
| fōod | grīnds | hūg |
| fōot | growled | hūge |
| fōot' men | | hūn' drẽd |
| fōr' ẽst | hāirs | hūng |
| fōr gōt' | hālf | hūnt |
| fought | hānd' some | hūnt' ẽr |
| foun' tain | hāp' pŷ | |
| frēe' lŷ | hārd | īce |
| frōnt | hāste | t dẽ' à |
| fruit | hātched | īnch' ẽŷ |
| ful | hẽad | Īn' dĩ à |
| | hẽard | īn' sīde |
| gār' rẽt | heärt | īn vīt' ẽd |
| gāth' ẽr | hẽav' en | īs' land |
| gẽn' ẽr al | hẽn | Īt' à lŷ |
| gẽn' ẽr oūs | Hẽ' rò | jāck' al |
| Geōrge | hẽr sēlf' | Jẽ ru' sà lẽm |

| | | |
|-----------|-----------------|------------|
| Jē' šūs | lives | mouth |
| Jūne | līz' ards | Mūf' fēt |
| jūst | lōad' ěd | mū' šic |
| kěpt | lōaf | mūs' līn |
| kīl | lōved | |
| kīlled | lōw | nāme |
| kīng | lūm' bēr | něck |
| kīssed | lŷ' īng | nēē' dle |
| knělt | | nět |
| knōcked | māid | něxt |
| | Māine | noīse |
| lā' dŷ | mār' rīed | nŭts |
| lāid | mār' rŷ | |
| lārgē | māt' tēr | ōak |
| lārgē' lŷ | mēn | ōf' fēred |
| lārک | mīge | ō' pen |
| lāst | mīd' dle sīzed' | ō' pened |
| lāugh | mīd' nīght | ōr' chard |
| lāughed | mīl' ěr | ōth' ěr |
| lēd | mīlŷ | ought |
| lēš' son | mīss | ōwnŷ |
| life | mōn' eŷ | |
| liked | mōn' keŷ | paw |
| lī lēg | mōrn' īng | pēō' ple |
| lī' ŷ | mōss | pēr hāps' |
| līne | mōth' ěr | Pīc' cō là |
| līved | mouse | pīcked |
| | | pīēge |

pǐg
 pīp' ěr
 plān
 pōdɿ
 pō' ěmɿ
 pōleɿ
 pōol
 pōr' rǐdʒe
 Pōrt' land
 prāiʒe
 prěɿ' ent
 prěɿ' ɪ dent
 prěssed
 pret' tǐ ěr
 prīde
 prīnce
 prīn' ɕěss
 proud
 pūmp' kǐn

quēen
 quēer
 quǐck' lǚ

rāyɿ
 rēad' ینگ
 rěst' ěd

rīch
 rīght
 rīpe
 rīp' pled
 rīv' ěrɿ
 rōck
 rōpes
 rŭn' nǐng
 rŭshed
 rŭsh' ینگ

sǎcks
 sǎd
 sǎfe
 sǎfe' lǚ
 sǎiled
 sǎil' orɿ
 Sǎint
 sǎng
 sǎve
 sǎw' mǐll
 Scōt' land
 sēa
 sēc' ōnd
 sēemed
 sēlf' یش
 sēll

sěnds
 sěnt
 sěv' enth
 shāre
 shārp
 shēep
 shīps
 shōe
 shōre
 shout' ěd
 sīck
 sīde
 sīl' vēr
 sīt' tǐng
 slēep
 slīp' pěrɿ
 smǎll
 snēeze
 sōl' diěrɿ
 sōme
 sōmé' bōd ỷ
 sōmé' thǐng
 sòn
 sǒng
 sǒr' rỷ
 south
 sōwed

sōwş
 Spāin
 spär' kled
 spī' dēr
 spīn
 spīn' nēr
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 sprēad
 stāirş
 stānds
 stārt' ěd
 stāy
 stēep
 stōle
 stōod
 stōp
 stōpped
 stō' rīeş
 strānge
 strēam
 strēet
 strike
 stripes
 strūck
 stūng
 sūch
 sūm' mēr

sūn' shīne
 sūr' fāçe
 swām
 swīm' mīng
 swōrd
 tāil
 tāk' en
 tāk
 tāk'ed
 tāk
 tāst' ěd
 tāst' īng
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 tēach' ěrş
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thūmp
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 tīe
 tīght' ěr
 tī' nŷ
 tō gēth' ěr
 tōld
 Tōm
 tōuched
 town
 trāv' ěled
 trīed
 tūrned
 twēlve
 ūm brēl' lā
 ūn tīl'
 ūp-stāirş'
 ūse
 vēl' vēt
 voīçe
 wāit
 wānd
 wār
 Wash' īng tōn

wāve₁

wǎx

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weâr

wēave₁

wěb

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wīg' wam

wīn

wīn' tēr

wīse

wīshed

wom' an

wōn' dēr fūl

wōol

work' ing

world

wrōng

wrōte

yārd

yēs' tēr dāy

yōung

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